

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Handwriting of a Famous Queen.
Queen Elizabeth wrote often to Catherine De Medici and her sons. Elizabeth's signature was always majestic, and, so to speak, in full dress. But when she was on some crooked scheme intent the body of the letter was the merest shorthand. It must have been trying to read her letters. They had to be read to be answered. But they generally beat about the bush, and were involved, unless she was in a passion. Then she went straight and swift to the point, and the handwriting was as clear as her words.

Nerves Out of Tune.
Just as the strings of a musical instrument get out of tune through lack of care and break out into torturing discord when touched, so the human nerves get out of tune, and make everybody miserable that comes in contact with them. Every tobacco user's nerves are out of tune more or less, and the real tobacco slave's nerves are relaxed to the utmost. No-To-Bac is the tuning key which tightens the nerves, makes them respond quickly to the emotions, resulting in the happiness of all. No-To-Bac guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong. We advise all tobacco users to take No-To-Bac.

Voice of Experience.
"Yes, in refusing me she said she never intended to marry."
"Then your case is hopeless. She is engaged to somebody else."—Chicago News.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

YOUNG AT SIXTY.

Serene comfort and happiness in advanced years are realized by comparatively few women.

Their hard lives, their liability to serious troubles on account of their peculiar organism and their profound ignorance concerning themselves, all combine to shorten the period of usefulness and fill their later years with suffering.

Mrs. Pinkham has done much to make women strong. She has given advice to many that has shown them how to guard against disease and retain vigorous health in old age. From every corner of the earth there is constantly coming the most convincing statements from women, showing the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in overcoming female ills. Here is a letter from Mrs. J. C. Orms, of 220 Horner St., Johnstown, Pa., which is earnest and straight to the point:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to tell all suffering women that I think your remedies are wonderful. I had trouble with my head, dizzy spells and hot flashes. Feet and hands were cold, was very nervous, could not sleep well, had kidney trouble, pain in ovaries and congestion of the womb. Since taking your remedies I am better every way. My head trouble is all gone, have no pain in ovaries, and am cured of womb trouble. I can eat and sleep well and am gaining in flesh. I consider your medicine the best to be had for female troubles."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Thorns vs. Tacks.
"I refuse to give you money with which to purchase a wheel," said the stern parent. "You are a thorn in my flesh."
"And you," replied the disappointed youth, "are a tack in my path."

From Different Points of View.
Walker—I've just been reading an article on our coast defenses. They seem to be insufficient.
Ryder—That's right; I don't think any cyclist should be allowed to coast without a brake.

Popular Song Illustrated.



"The girl I left behind me."—Exchange.

Cause of the Trouble.
Jaggs—What's good for insomnia, doctor?
Doctor—How long have you been troubled with it?
Jaggs—Oh, I haven't got it at all, but my wife has. Sometimes she doesn't get to sleep until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning.
Doctor—Well, I'd advise you to try going home earlier.

A Leak Somewhere.
Hixon—Anything wrong down at the pumping station this week?
Dixon—No, not that I know of. Why?
Hixon—Oh, I've noticed that the water we have been getting at our boarding house for some time past seems to be about half milk.

Not in Their Class.
The Parson—My boy, I trust you have some good and noble aim in life.
The Boy—Why, cert! Do youse tink I'm one of dem Spaniards?

The Proof.
"Do you say that your husband is weak-minded, Mrs. Bosston?"
"Very. No matter what I tell him to do he invariably goes and does the other thing, poor man."—Detroit Free Press.

No Answer Received.
"And was your prayer answered?" asked a visitor of a North Carolina dandy who had told of praying for rain.
"No, sah," said the African, "I spees de cable was cut, sah."

How to Get Rid of It.
"I can't get it off my mind," said Mrs. Sticker.
"But you can change your mind," suggested her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

The Proper Classification.
Miles—Hello, Giles. Is it a fact that you have recently married?
Giles—I guess so. Facts, you know, are stubborn things.

The Office Boy's Romance.
"Mr. Jenkins, I've got an uncle, a brother and two cousins in this war."
"I see; you're fixing to get off to a baseball game every time we hear rumors of a battle."

Modern Methods.
Mrs. Watts—You folks are dreadfully slow. We are using individual communion cups at our church.
Mrs. Potts—Slow, are we? Next week we begin using capsules.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Cheerful Idiot.
"We fellows," said the student boarder, "are thinking of getting up a little cheap spread. Is there anything any one could suggest?"
"Oleomargarine," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

Forced Accomplishments.

Benevolent Lady—My good man, why don't you learn some trade?
Weary Waggle—Know fourteen already.

Benevolent Lady—Why, how's that?
Weary Waggle—Served fourteen terms.—Detroit Free Press.

A Real Patriot.
"Is he? Well, I should say. Why, he smokes nothing but Dewey cigars, always wears a Fitzhugh Lee hat, and he can read 'Remember the Maine' backward or forward, just as you please."—Philadelphia North American.

One Thing Needful.
Mr. Wabash—Do you belong to the "Daughters of the Revolution," Miss Olive?

Miss Olive (of St. Louis)—Not yet; but pa's going to buy me a wheel next week.

Similar but Different.
Directory Canvasser—What is your first name, Mr. Peck?
Mr. Peck—It was "Claude" before I got married.

Directory Canvasser—Am I to understand that marriage altered your name?
Mr. Peck—N-no, not exactly; but I spell it "Clawed" now.

Unlimited Capacity.
Jack—Miss Gddy's heart seems to have been modeled after a street car.
Tom—Why, how's that?
Jack—There's always room for one more.

Subsequent.
Bronson—My poor old grandmother is dead and her parrot died the next day.

Dailey—Very strange! The poor bird died of grief, I suppose?
Bronson—No, I killed it with a poker. —Pearson's Weekly.

Papa Is Thinking Now.
Wise Father—No, my son, never put off till tomorrow what can be done today. Remember that, and the path which leads to success will lie open before you.

Little Freddie—All right. Gimme a quarter to go to the ball game this afternoon. It might rain to-morrow.

Ready to Make the Sacrifice.
"What has suddenly caused you to decide to go to the war? I thought you said you couldn't afford to do it, on account of your business."
"My neighbor's boy has bought an accordion and is learning to play 'Marching Through Georgia' on it."

No Filthy Lucre There.
"Brassie has married a girl whose father has a clean million."
"The deuce he has! Who is she?"
"The daughter of old Rinders, the soap-maker."

An Easy Choice.
She—Which would you rather have—wealth or the affection of the woman you truly loved?
He—Wealth, by all means. Then I could have the other on the side.

The Mighty Pen.
"Bulwer was dead when George wrote: 'In the hands of men entirely great the pen is mightier than the sword.'"
"What makes you think so?"
"Why, it's that way in the hands of almost any old plug of a Spaniard."

Unusual.
First Summer Girl—I became engaged to him the second time we met.
Second Summer Girl—Something terrible must have happened to cause such a delay.—New York Evening Journal.

A Small Matter.

Doctor—You say you've eaten nothing to disagree with you?
Erastus—No, sah. I only ate free soft crabs and two cups ob milk. Dat's all —Chicago Tribune.

The Thorn.
Dasherly—So your wife's away? Do you miss her much?
Flasherly—Yes, and the deuce of it is a lot of other fellows are "Missing" her, too, I understand.

One Poet's Wisdom.
Quad—Quillet makes a fair income writing obituary verses, I understand.
Dash—Is that so? Then he has more sense than I gave him credit for.

Quad—Why, how's that?
Dash—Waits till he gets a man where he can't kick before he begins to write poetry about him.

From Different Points of View.
Bess—Oh, dear! I suppose I'm in for another month of bad luck.
Nell—Why, Bess, what makes you think so?
Bess—I saw the new moon over my left shoulder last night.

Nell—That's too bad. Now, I had the good luck to see it over Jack's right shoulder, and, say, isn't my engagement ring a beauty?

Experiences.
"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world."
"So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"

Papa and Mama Songs.
Mamma—And how did my little pet get to sleep last night without mamma?
Little Pet—Papa tried to sing to me like you do and I hurried up an' went to sleep so's not to hear it.—Punch.

Unabashed.
By way of variety she deliberately and openly yawned.
"You frightened me," said he.
"Really?"
"Er—well, I was more grieved than frightened. It looked as if I might never see your face again."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Something Worse than Sermons.
"Remember," said the good man, "that there are sermons in stones."
"Not in those that you run against with your bike," retorted the cynic, and the argument was, necessarily, at an end.

RECEIVE QUEER REQUESTS.

Funny Experiences Related by the Officials of the British Museum.
An American collector has made a singular application to the authorities of the British Museum. He asks: "Will you please get and send me a piece of the ruins out of the great London fire which has lately occurred? I wish to put it into my curio cabinet."

This is not the first time that requests of an equally humorous nature have been received at the British Museum. Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, K. C. B., the principal librarian, recently told a story of a letter containing numerous questions sent him by a German gentleman, who, in apologizing for their inordinate number, explained that "we Germans are a questionable people."

Another of the officials remembers the advent of a man who wanted to see "the original Sanscrit" and, on being interrogated, added, "the original Sanscrit what all the languages come from." On being shown a Sanscrit manuscript he inquired: "Is this what all the languages come from?" "Well, not quite all; but most of them," was the reply; whereupon he ejaculated, "Oh!" and walked away, perfectly satisfied. On one occasion a man asked at the manuscript department to see the "roll of the law which Esdras found in the temple." He was promptly referred to the keeper of the oriental antiquities, with what result is not stated.

There is also the anecdote of the inquirer who asked an attendant whether the roll of the Pentateuch exhibited under a glass case in one of the galleries of the manuscript department was the identical thing "that Moses chucked about." As he spoke with a Scottish accent it is still doubtful whether he was intending a joke or not.

But the most remarkable instance of the ignorance under which the museum official suffers, and over which he makes merry, is perhaps that in which a radical member of parliament asked at the center desk in the reading-room for a copy of the English constitution. Conceiving that this important abstraction had been grievously infringed by a Tory government, he came to examine it with a view to an impeachment of the ministers of the crown.—London Mail.

CECIL RHODES' BURIAL PLACE.
In the Matopos Hills of South Africa, Commands a "World's View."

While some of the newspapers have been busy of late in killing Mr. Rhodes we find from the Cape papers that Mr. Rhodes himself has selected his burial place. It is in the Matopos hills, in the neighborhood of his farm, that Mr. Rhodes desires "in the fullness of time" to be buried in the solid rock. A special correspondent, who calls the spot "World's View," thus describes the scenery:

At length we came to a halt and were led through the bushes up enormous slopes of solid granite on to the roof of rocky eminence. Here the world's view lay unfolded like a panorama before our gladdened eyes. There were many traveled members in our party, but not one of them could say that he had ever seen anything like it. Here, surely, we were gazing down upon one of nature's battlefields, the discarded scene of some tremendous convulsion, in which Titanic forces had lifted the biggest boulders the mind can conceive and tossed them to and fro like pebbles. As far as the eye could travel stretched an ocean of granite mountains, extending range beyond range to the horizon. Few people realize the immensity of the Matopos or the beauty of the hillsides and valleys, where euphorbia, mahogany and mopani trees and all sorts of tropical bushes flourish in glorious confusion and certainly no one can have any conception of the awe-inspiring grandeur, or the scenic splendor of this wondrous natural panorama.—London News.

To Traders.
Correspond with us before placing your business for the Chicago markets elsewhere. We are the Sioux City correspondents of F. G. LOGAN, Chicago, being connected with that well known Board of Trade House by private wire. We refer you to them, or to any bank in this city, as to our commercial and financial standing. We are very often in receipt of valuable information, which we furnish our clients by phone or wire, at our own expense. For further information write A. R. T. DENT & CO., Commission Merchants, corner Fifth and Pierce Streets, Sioux City, Iowa. Note—While our Mr. A. R. T. Dent was the founder, and up to the past spring, the financier of the Dent Grain Co., of this city, he has no connection now whatever with this latter concern.

In Time of Peace Prepare for War.
Customer—I want my hair cut close as you know how; a regular army cut, understand?
Barber—What's the matter now? Do you think of enlisting?
Customer—No, but I'm going to be married.—Boston Courier.

You Can Get Tired

By working hard, and then you can get rested again. But if you are tired all the time it means that your blood is poor. You need to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great cure for that tired feeling because it is the great enricher and vitalizer of the blood. You will find appetite, nerve, mental and digestive strength in

Hood's Sarsaparilla
America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, 25c.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
Classes: Letters, Science, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses. Fee elastic; students at special rates. Rooms Free, Junior or Senior Year. College Course, St. Edward's Hall, for boys under 15. The 108th Term will open September 6th, 1908. Catalogue sent Free on application to REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

His Capacity for Headwork.

"You wouldn't think, to look at that man, that he was possessed of more than average intelligence, would you? Yet he is engaged in a business that requires constant headwork, and he's making a success of it, too."

"You don't say! He certainly doesn't look as if he had any more brains than the law allows. Who is he?"
"My barber."

What Will Become of China?
None can foresee the outcome of the quarrel between foreign powers over the division of China. It is interesting to watch the going to pieces of this race. Many people are also going to pieces because of dyspepsia, constipation and stomach diseases. Good health can be retained if we use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Except "the House."
"It is a sin," she said, "to win money in gambling dens."
"I know," he replied, "but what's the use worrying over it? Nobody ever sins in that way."

Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel.
How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross (80 Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clover, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. C. N. U.

Another Definition.
Bobby—Papa, what's a pessimist?
Papa—A pessimist is a person who can't enjoy his dinner to-day because he is afraid the coffee may be muddy to-morrow.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

New Curiosity.
"It is claimed that a Philadelphia alderman refused an offer of \$5,000 for his vote."
"Which museum is he playing at this week?"

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a godsend to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Fla., Sept. 17, 1905.

Too Willing.
Mr. Bacon—I'm all right, dear; if I need anybody I'll sing out for help.
Mrs. Bacon—Oh, pray, don't sing out! You'll frighten everybody away.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves.—J. G. Holland.

Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense cure.

AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels. You will find that the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor.
Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cost. Address: DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

ELASTIC STARCH

A GREAT INVENTION
REQUIRES NO COOKING
MAKES COLLARS AND CUFFS STIFF AND NICE
KEEPS THEM WHITE AND FRESH
ONE POUND OF THIS STARCH WILL DO AS MUCH AS A POUND AND A HALF OF ANY OTHER STARCH
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY J. C. MUEBINGER BROS. CO. NEWARK, N. J.

A Beautiful Present

FREE for a few months to all users of the celebrated ELASTIC STARCH (Flat Iron Brand). To induce you to try this brand of starch, so that you may find out for yourself that all claims for its superiority and economy are true, the makers have had prepared, at great expense, a series of four

GAME PLAQUES

exact reproductions of the \$10,000 originals by Muville, which will be given you ABSOLUTELY FREE by your grocer on conditions named below. These Plaques are 40 inches in circumference, are free of any suggestion of advertising whatever, and will ornament the most elegant apartment. No manufacturing concern ever before gave away such valuable presents to its customers. They are not for sale at any price, and can be obtained only in the manner specified. The subjects are:

American Wild Ducks, English Quail, American Pheasant, English Snipe.

The birds are handsomely embossed and stand out natural as life. Each Plaque is bordered with a band of gold.

ELASTIC STARCH

has been the standard for 25 years. TWENTY-TWO MILLION packages of this brand were sold last year. That's how good it is. ASK YOUR DEALER to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute.

How To Get Them:

All purchasers of three 10 cent or six 5 cent packages of Elastic Starch (Flat Iron Brand), are entitled to receive from their grocer one of these beautiful Game Plaques free. The plaques will not be sent by mail. They can be obtained only from your grocer.

Every Grocer Keeps Elastic Starch. Do not delay. This offer is for a short time only.

It Was Before the Day of SAPOLIO

They Used to Say "Woman's Work Is Never Done."

THE PAYS THE FRAYT

BEST SCALES. LEAST MONEY. JONES OF BINGHAMTON N. Y.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Prevents conception. Failure, and not astrin- gents. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. sent or poison-us. CINCINNATI, O. S. A.

PENSIONS

Get Your Pension DOUBLE QUICK! Write Capt. O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C. S. C. N. U. 31-98

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

Cruel Oppression

He—There is an old saying that what is enough for one will do for two. She—I know it; but papa says he will cut off my allowance the moment I get married.